

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1911

NUMBER 31

De las' Dream I cotch I helt it ter my year,
An' I wish I could tell you all what I hear—
It wuz: "Oh, hol' me tight! oh, hol' me fas'!
I'm de breff what you see on de lookin'-glass;
I'm de silver bugle, I'm de weddin'-bell;
I'm dem what stumbled and dem what fell;
I'm de ol' home spring, I'm de orchard path;
I'm de big back-log, I'm de kitchen h'ath.

"I'm de chap you toted when you wuz strong;
I'm de song you sung him all night long;
I'm de ol' red road an' de tryin' hill;
I'm de creek an' de pon' an' de ol' gris'-mill;
I'm de spinnin'-wheel an' de bangin' loom,
De long, wide hall an' de upstairs room;
I'm mistiss and marster an' de buckra man;
I'm kittle and trivet, I'm skillet an' pan.

"An' any warm night, ef you'll set right still,
You can hear me callin' fum over de hill;
An' over de meadows, an' down de deen,
You kin hear me whisper er what I seen;
An' de Willis-Whistlers dey'll jine in,
An' tell whar I'm gwine an whar I been!
An' it's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
I flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'."
From "Uncle Remus Captures a Dream."



UNCLE REMUS.

For The Beacon.

From Br'er Rabbit to David Copperfield.

BY HATTIE VOSE HALL.

When Emily Dickinson wrote

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,"

she stated a fact so true as to be almost a truism. And especially to a child's mind is a book a ship with all her sails spread to the breeze, ready to carry the reader far away; and, when it is a book which is a joy, the port for which the helm is set, and toward which the prow is pointed, is the Fortunate Isles. If you have never tried "Uncle Remus" on a little child, you have an untried avenue of delight, well worth exploring, open before you. "The Tar Baby" will yield unflinching pleasure to a child of three or four, particularly if it can be told, rather than read; and many of the other adventures of Brother Rabbit, the clever hero of all the stories, bring joy to the heart of childhood.

"I foolee, I foolee, I foolee ol' Buzzard,
I foolee ol' Tarrypin, too,"

seems especially delicious fooling to a child, and he will find perennial pleasure in following the fortunes of the various animals who all "whirl in" and take their turn upon the scene. But this paper is not written for a guide to reading of the youngest children, nor for those who are beginning to turn over the delightful pages of "David Copperfield," the one of Dickens' books surest to strike a responsive chord in the heart of youth. I am going to speak briefly of those stories which especially appeal to the children "betwixt and between," who are beginning to read for themselves, and who so often ask, "What is a good book for me to read?"

A book that was a great delight to a little brother and sister, once upon a time, is Miss Mulock's "Little Lame Prince." There are few sweeter characters in the fiction of childhood than little Prince Dolor, who lives captive in the dreary tower, on the lonely plain, until he receives the gift of the wonderful travelling-cloak, which turns out to be the most delightful air-ship imaginable, entirely dirigible, in which the little lame

boy travels far and near. It is such a pleasure to find that the little imprisoned boy can be free at will, by means of this wonderful cloak to sail over the tree-tops, under the sunny blue sky. And, when at length he is liberated from his long captivity, and his people come to lead him away in triumph and make him their king, the little reader shares to the full the feeling with which the new monarch conceals the shabby little package in his bosom, to take it with him to his new life, realizing that, whatever its joys, he wants his one treasure of the lonely tower to be a part of them. Children dislike an obtrusive moral, but no child can read or hear this charming story without feeling the gentle sweetness, patience, and thorough loveliness of little Prince Dolor, of Noman'sland, and being the better for the time spent in his company.

Few stories for children are lovelier than George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind." There is an atmosphere of romance about that little story, the "true romance," which Kipling sings, and that many a teller of tales for older readers sighs for in vain. The lovely lady, with the beautiful enveloping hair, takes complete possession of the child's imagination, and, like the little boy of the story, he, too, is at the back of the North Wind, sailing through the dour Scottish skies and experiencing a like happiness.

Many children also enjoy MacDonald's story of the Princess Irene and her minor boy friend "Curdie." The goblin part of the story is rather realistic for a child of sensitive nerves, but the beautiful god-mother who lives so high up in the palace and who bathes Irene in a wonderful bathtub, whose bottom is blue sky and golden stars, is a fascinating figure to the mind of a child. All MacDonald's children, prince and peasant alike, are adherents of the old maxim, "Noblesse oblige," and there are few better-bred children in all literature than his gentle little Princess Irene. It is hardly necessary to name so familiar a book as "Alice in Wonderland," but there are always fresh little ears, eager to hear the story of the little girl who went down the rabbit-hole from "Merry England" into Wonderland, where so many interesting things happened to her. How wonderful that to drink and eat enchanted food should cause a little girl to grow short or tall at will! And the Cheshire cat, who disappears by degrees, until only a dissolving grin is left; the Duchess, with the terrific head-dress; the dapper White Rabbit, with his gloves; the Hatter and the March Hare, and all the rest of the interesting company that make up the queer society of the book, form an agreeable whole, to which the childish mind returns again and again.

One great classic that is dear to many older readers can be appreciated, at least in part, by children,—Bunyan's masterpiece, the "Pilgrim's Progress." Christian's adventures on the road to the Celestial City, his friends Hopeful and Faithful and Great-heart, Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Giant Despair,—all are painted with such realism that the child's interest is enlisted. Bunyan's clear style is a great aid, and his vivid nomenclature, also. All children know, or can imagine, what a "House Beautiful" is, and there is the perennial charm of the hills in his "Delectable Mountains."

Young children care little for mythology, but there is one book of gods and heroes that will delight them, and that is

Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," where the stories of the stolen Persephone, of the magic "Dragon's Teeth," and of Circe, the subtle enchantress, who almost gets the better even of the wise Ulysses, are told with the wonderful touch that belonged to the great American romance-writer, and to him alone. I know a man who thinks Miss Phelps' "Trotty Book" the greatest story for children ever written, because it charmed him in boyhood, and certainly the bewitching Trotty is one of the most adorable of glorious human boys, and the legend of Trotty and Nat and the ginger-snaps, one that remains in the mind of the reader. Kingsley's "Water Babies" is an English classic that has been read to many American children. I have mentioned no modern books, they are well before the public, and many of them give great pleasure to children.

To pass from the particular to the general, the King Arthur stories are of great interest to children, girls as well as boys. Many people have "written them down" to the comprehension of children, and they are tales of delight, especially if told instead of read. But young children hardly enjoy the stories of the Greek and Roman heroes, and the great legends of Charlemagne and his Paladins as they will a few years later, when Roland and his true friend Oliver will stir their hearts as the great "preux chevalier" stirred the echoes, as he wound his horn for the last time on the fatal field of Roncesvalles.

In all writing for children interest must first be enlisted, nothing can be accomplished without it. Children invariably "skip" page after page of a book whose author has not been wise enough to coat the pill of his information with the sugar of romance or adventure. Boys read "Tom Brown at Rugby" because it is a book packed full of interesting happenings. Incidentally they learn school ethics, physical and moral courage, and the delight of healthy, happy school-boy life in England many years ago. But, if the book had been entitled "Manners and Morals of English School Life," the average boy would never have opened the book, and its happy pages would have been but a dead letter to him.

For the older children there are so many paths in literature showing inviting vistas: Froissart and Dickens and Cooper and Sir Walter Scott and old Sir Thomas Malory—names to conjure with! And there are many absorbing books for young children that lack of space forbids touching upon. This paper does not pretend to be exhaustive: it only attempts to tell of a few stories that have delighted little readers in the past, in the hope that little readers of the present may know the same delight, and that, having read simply for the purpose of enjoyment, they have, nevertheless, unconsciously been influenced permanently toward the best things in story literature.

My Creed.

Not one holy day, but seven; worshipping, not at the call of the bell, but at the call of my soul; singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart.

Loving because I must;
Giving because I cannot keep;
Doing for the joy of it.

ALICE F. SYMMES.

He who works with his hands only is a mechanic; he who works with hands and head is an artisan; and he who works with hands, head, and heart is an artist.

RUSKIN.

The Whistling Cure.

BY ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY.

Dicky sat on his new doorstep and looked at the roses growing under the date-palm in his new back yard. All at once he knew that he was homesick. He wished he were back in the old home that was now more than three thousand miles away, where it was probably snowing this minute, and all the little boys and girls he knew were sliding down hill.

He wished—but suddenly he stopped wishing. "If you're not careful, you'll cry, just like a girl," he told himself, scornfully. "You'd better whistle," and so he began, very bravely, to whistle "Yankee Doodle." He had to stop now and then to swallow the lump in his throat, but, on the whole, it sounded very well, and any one passing by would be sure to think, "There is a little boy who is whistling because he is happy to think he lives in California, where the grass is green all winter."

After a little while he went into the kitchen for a drink. It made him feel queer again when he saw Iris sitting in a high straight-backed chair by the stove, peeling potatoes. Iris was a little Japanese woman, whose husband, Aoki, worked for Dicky's father. Iris had only been in America two months and she could hardly speak a word of English.

Iris looked so forlorn that Dicky felt sorry for her. He could not ask her what the trouble was, for she could not understand him; but he felt sure that she was just as homesick for Japan as he had been a little while ago for his old home in New York State.

"It's too bad you can't whistle, Iris," he said thoughtfully. "You'd feel lots better."

Iris smiled and bowed and said, "Yes, thank you," although she had not the least idea what Dicky was talking about.

"If you could only whistle," he went on, "you could start in on a tune like 'Yankee Doodle' every time you started thinking about Japan and wishing you were there."

Iris bowed again politely, and repeated "Yes, thank you."

Dicky watched her a moment as she neatly pared the potatoes. He remembered what his mother said, that you had to show Iris only once how to do anything. All at once the thought came to him, "Why couldn't I teach her to whistle?"

He tried it. He pursed his lips and gave a short whistle, then he pointed to Iris. It was only a moment before she understood. She tried once or twice and found she could do it, too.

Such a smile lit up her sad little face! She tried it again and again, and every time she looked happier.

"What did I tell you?" shouted Dicky, "didn't I tell you it would make you feel better? Now try 'Yankee Doodle'!"

Iris stopped long enough for her little bow and her "Yes, thank you."

When mother came into the kitchen a few moments later, Iris and Dicky, their faces shining with happiness, stood in the middle of the kitchen floor whistling "Yankee Doodle" as hard as they could whistle.—*Sunday School Times.*

April's Story.

Blossomed orchards, winging birds,
Vernal raptures put in words—
Sunbeams flashing skies of blue,
Dreams of love mayhap come true—
Tell April's story!

A greenish blur, things growing lush,
A bluebird's note, a lilting thrush—
Wind-severed petals swirling high,
The twilight's misting lullaby—
Tell April's story!

Violets, anemones,
Blithe nest-building in the trees—
Ferns in woodland ways unfurl'd,
Ecstasy—a ravished world—
Tell April's story!

MARY VIRGINIA AGNEW, in *Country Life in America*.

A New "Fill-in" Game.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

"Good! Good! She didn't forget! She didn't forget!"

Rob ran up the steps, waving a letter, and shouting at the top of his voice.

"A letter from Aunt Elsa?" cried Josie, running to meet him and making furtive attempts to seize the envelope. "Have you opened it?"

"Just peeked in, that's all. The first part says something about the 'puzzle lovers,' so I know it's for both of us. . . . Well, if you can't wait, we'll sit down right here and read together!"

"Just what I want to do!" said Josie; and a minute later the piazza's top step held two smiling youngsters perusing Aunt Elsa's latest note.

"Dear kiddies," it read, "I haven't time to write much of a letter to-day. Besides, I'm saving a good many things to tell you 'by word of mouth'; but, remembering what puzzle-lovers you and your young friends are, I am sending this hasty copy of a new fill-in puzzle. Have it all worked out by next Thursday, for then—"

"Then she'll be home!" shouted Rob.

"Yes, and won't it seem fine! But, come, this looks hard: we must get to work!"

This was the puzzle:

A NEW FILL-IN.

To read the following short story, fill in the blanks with names of popular publications. First-letter hints are given, and the dots show the number of remaining letters in each word. The title is:

A S ful O

Tom Dix was a true A B who lived near the A coast. From his home he could see T B, which guided mariners to a safe harbor. He was very fond of the O and quite a C in the line of boats and fishing tackle. One summer his U R, a J in M New York, wished a bit of real C L, so with his son Ned, just twenty, he came for an O at Tom's N E home.

Tom's mother, a happy H, noted for her G H, welcomed the brother whom she had not seen for nearly quarter of a C, and she quickly saw that his boy would be a good Y C for Tom. Tom thought so too, and, though he did not know quite as much about B or P C as did Ned,

he vowed to make his city cousin's country L a S

After all, all H L is much the same, and Ned, being a true A, soon learned to enjoy the wholesome F a D and everything else at the healthy F a H more than he had ever enjoyed F or T T or the crowds of gay B

As the R can imagine, they had grand good times. Every Sunday they went to church. There they met a M P called S H, who was acting as H and W H C for a W who worked for T L H J Ned soon caught love's N I Though the lass was a bit countrified, and knew nothing of the S S or life's city A, she was "true blue," and Ned had wisdom enough to know it.

Being a bashful C, he decided to test love's O by B a W: so he wrote and—Well, you can guess the rest. There isn't a happier family C than theirs in the W T Tom says the O was a greater S than he had hoped for.

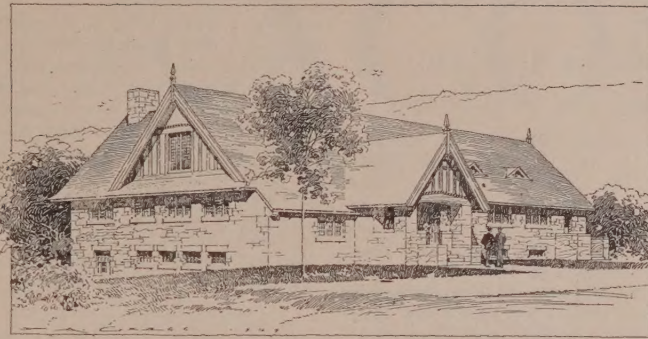
"Well, this is pretty slow!" said Josie, when they had worked half an hour. "I can't think of enough magazine names!"

"Neither can I. It's strange she didn't give us more helps," said Rob, turning over the paper. "Wait! What's this? She *did* give us some! Look at this list. See, it says, 'this out-of-order list contains all the names necessary for the blanks.'"

This was the list:

Youth's Companion, Outlook, Circle, Physical Culture, New Idea, Atlantic, Broadway, Craftsman, Crusader, Sis Hopkins, Outing, Writer, American, New England, Good Housekeeping, Judge, World To-day, Uncle Remus, Arena, Life, Metropolitan, Human Life, The Ladies' Home Journal, Baseball, Success, Reader, Fashion, American Boy, Modern Priscilla, Housewife, Country Life, Ocean, Century, Farm and Home, Woman's Home Companion, Food and Drink, Every Other Sunday, Black and White, The Theatre, Housekeeper, Smart Set.

Inside of fifteen minutes Rob and Josie had Aunt Elsa's story complete. See if you can do as well.



See article p. 128.

OUR CHURCH IN ANDOVER, N.H.



POTTER PLACE, N.H.

If you wish a correct solution of the puzzle, write, enclosing a stamp, to "Jac" Lowell, Mendon, Mass.

The Tree that Tried to Grow.

BY FRANCIS LEE.

One time there was a seed that wished to be a tree. It was fifty years ago, and more than fifty—a hundred, perhaps. But first there was a great bare granite rock in the midst of the Wendell woods. Little by little, dust from a squirrel's paw, as he sat upon it eating a nut, fallen leaves, crumbling and rotting,—and perhaps the decayed shell of the nut,—made earth enough in the hollows of the rock for some mosses to grow, and for the tough little saxifrage flowers, which seem to thrive on the poorest fare, and look all the healthier, like very poor children.

Then, one by one, the mosses and blossoms withered and turned to dust, until, after years and years and years, there was earth enough to make a bed for a little feathery birch seed which came flying along one day.

The sun shone softly through the forest trees, the summer rain pattered through the leaves upon it; and the seed felt wide-awake and full of life. So it sent a little pale-green stem up into the air and a little white root down into the shallow bed of earth. But you would have been surprised to see how much the root found to feed upon in only a handful of dirt.

Yes, indeed! And it sucked and sucked away with its little hungry mouths, till the pale-green stem became a small brown tree and the roots grew tough and hard.

So after a great many years there stood a tall tree as big around as your body, growing right upon a large rock, with its big roots striking into the ground on all sides of the rock, like a queer sort of wooden cage.

Now, I do not believe there was ever a boy in this world who tried as hard to grow into a wise or a rich or a good man as this birch seed did to grow into a tree, that did not become what he wished to be. And I don't think anybody who hears the story of the birch tree growing in the woods of Wendell need ever give up to any sort of difficulty in this way, and say, "I can't." Only try as hard as the tree did, and you can do everything.

Selected.

I have always thought that what was good was only what was beautiful put in action.

ROUSSEAU.

For The Beacon.

Weeds and Wickedness.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

These are the days when we are planning our gardens for the year. In these spring days, when the soft breath of the wind whispers to us of the coming of summer, we think of the flowers we grew last year and of the flowers we are going to grow this year.

Did you ever have a garden? If you never have, you have missed a lot of real pleasure. If there is any greater joy than being close to the earth, and getting one's hands right into the moist loam, the writer has not yet discovered it. To go into partnership with Nature and to create flowers and fruit and vegetables is perhaps the best joy of all.

And to do this while the birds are singing in the apple tree abloom at one end of the garden, and the breeze plays an accompaniment in the pine trees at the other end,—well, you simply cannot understand how fine it is until you have tried it for yourself.

But you will also find that a garden costs a great deal of labor as well. Other things grow besides flowers, and they grow a great deal faster and stronger than the flowers. Sometimes I have thought that heaven must be a very beautiful garden where weeds did not grow.

In every garden that I have ever had weeds *did* grow. They would grow without my planting them. After I had pulled up one crop of them, another crop would mysteriously start to come up. It was always a mystery where they came from, and generally a greater mystery how to get rid of them.

Now, every child's life is just like a garden. In it may grow the good and the bad, the flower and the weed. It is capable of making the most beautiful and wonderful things, and, unless we are very careful and keep very busy, it will produce many things that are neither useful nor beautiful. We might call the latter weeds of wickedness.

Wickedness is not merely the wrong things we do. It is quite as much what we do not do. No one ever plants weeds. It would be too foolish to think of for a moment. But they come up of their own accord, and they grow large and strong and destroy the flowers unless they are destroyed. So far as the garden is concerned, wickedness is simply letting weeds grow.

And in the garden of your life it is very much the same. In order to be wicked it is not necessary to plant bad weeds of thought and action. Somehow they just grow up themselves, and it is your part to root them out. The weed seed drops into your garden from somewhere else, and takes root and grows.

It is not enough, then, as every one will see, not to sow weeds. We must guard against them. We must forever be on our guard against them. We must pluck them out when they are small, or they will get so deeply rooted that all we can do is just to break off some of the tops and leave the roots in the ground.

Some people think that they are good just because they do no evil. Do you think they are? I do not. Goodness comes only because of our work and our doing. Like flowers, goodness depends upon our killing the weeds of wickedness that would otherwise kill the good.

If I planted flower seeds this April, and then lay in a hammock all summer, do you

suppose I would have any flowers? I am quite sure that I would not. In June the flower beds would be choked with all kinds of weeds, and the flowers be dying or dead.

And, if you want your life garden to bear flowers, you will have to work hard against all the weeds of wickedness that will creep in. Just as soon as you stop watching and working, you may be sure the weeds are growing. You can easily tell the weeds from the flowers, and, the sooner you take them out, the better and the easier it will be.

Let us all be gardeners of good.

Our Work in Andover, N.H.

In this number of *The Beacon* appear pictures of our two churches in Andover, N.H. The larger is at the village of Andover, and the smaller at Potter Place, two miles away. The latter is a comparatively new movement. Both churches are architecturally pleasing and are situated in the midst of a beautiful mountainous country. The view from the Potter Place church, which the President of the Sunday School Society recently enjoyed, was almost Alpine in its winter impressiveness.

Rev. Henry G. Ives, minister of the church in Andover, founded and is carrying on the work at Potter Place. Andover is interesting to Unitarians, not only because of these two churches, but because it is the seat of Proctor Academy, a school for boys and girls under distinctly Unitarian control. The standing of the school is such that its graduates are admitted, on certificate, to all colleges that admit graduates from any schools in that way. Unitarian parents will do well to consider this Academy when looking for a school to which they can send their young people, with the assurance that they will be constantly under the best influence.

Sunday School Education Necessary.

As the twig is bent, so will the tree grow. Youth is the time to inculcate for lasting results moral and religious ideas. Our public school education, under the system which, with various denominations, we are obliged to adopt, is only secular teaching, with the teaching of morality in general. But that is not enough. There are those who feel as if it were dangerous to have education at all unless associated with religious education; but we in our country, under our system, have not found it practical to have public education associated with distinctly religious education. Therefore we feel, even more than in countries where that is possible, the necessity for Sunday schools.

No matter what views are taken of general education, we all agree—Protestant, Catholic, and Jew alike—that Sunday-school education is absolutely necessary to secure moral uplift and religious spirit.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT.

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

EPICTETUS.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for others?

ELIOT.

RECREATION CORNER.

The Beacon.

Dear Sirs,—I am a little girl ten years old. I love to read the interesting stories and work out the puzzles. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Norwell. I am sending you a puzzle which I hope to see in print. I am also sending the answers I got from to-day's paper. Hoping to see my name in print, I remain

Yours truly,

MARY C. TURNER.

WEDNESDAY, April 5, 1911.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 8, 20, is a great wrong.

My 1, 2, 6, 5, is certain.

My 3, 12, 28, 13, 19, is a boundary marker.

My 23, 24, 16, 17, is not warm.

My 4, 15, 20, 26, is not coarse.

My 7, 22, 21, is a plot of ground for a house.

My 9, 32, 18, 1, 5, is short brief.

My 31, 15, 11, 16, is a manufactory.

My 25, 27, 10, 12, is dumb.

My 29, 31, a preposition, meaning towards.

My 14, 15, 16, 7, is a height of land.

My whole is a saying of Jesus.

E. A. C.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 15, 5, 8, 10, is metal.

My 20, 2, 9, is happy.

My 6, 11, 1, 16, is to mislay.

My 4, 1, 21, is to employ.

My 7, 12, 9, is to endeavor.

My 13, 11, 10, 14, 17, is hue.

My 19, 18, 3, is indistinct.

My whole is a poet.

MARY C. REED.

TWISTED BIRDS.

1. Rileoc.
2. Varen.
3. Naryac.
4. Raptor.
5. Bobnilok.
6. Lipeanc.
7. Ninelt.
8. Borin.
9. Rodnoc.
10. Hantsape.

FREDA J. DOUTHITT.

HALF SQUARE.

A weekly paper.
A mistake.
Very dry.
A fish.
A conjunction.
A consonant.

GORDON ATWOOD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

ENIGMA XXXVI.—Yellowstone National Park.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—Buffalo.

INSERTED LETTERS.—Gad (glad). Gill (grill). Grit (grist). Gab (grab). Bush (brush). Bust (burst). Fat (fast). Pit (pint). Pie (pile).

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

Subscription price, twenty-five cents a year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, September 23, 1910, at the post-office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT.

25 Beacon Street, Boston.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON